

WHO PAYS? TOIL and TYRANNY

(Copyright, 1914, by Pathe Exchange, Inc. All Moving Picture Rights and All Foreign Copyrights Strictly Reserved.)

TWELFTH STORY PROLOGUE.

With wildly shrieking horn disturbing the very solitude of the distant hills, and with pale and terror-stricken chauffeur bending over the wheel, the limousine of David Powers, millionaire lumber king, tore through the granite gateway of his beautiful residence and dashed madly along the shrub-bordered driveway toward the marble porch.

Powers himself—tyrant boss of a thousand underfed workmen—was on the steps. Anxiety was betrayed by every line of his working features.

Perry Travis, his legal adviser, was with him, and as the machine came to a sudden stop before them, his grinding wheels sending up a shower of fine stone and gravel, Powers was seen to pause and turn an instant toward the younger man as if for support.

He had heard the piercing, clanking notes of the horn long before the machine was in sight. He knew the temper of his men. He realized that his affairs were approaching a crisis. And he was afraid—afraid of the pitiful fear which comes over strong men when they realize that the confronting danger is of their own creation.

With trembling limbs the chauffeur climbed from his seat and averted his fear-distended eyes, as with unsteady hand he pointed to the broken window pane in the door of the handsome machine. The small round hole, with its pattern of radiating cracks, like a worried and shattered mirror, told its own story. Nothing but a bullet could have made a break like that.

Mastering his own emotion with supreme effort, Powers stepped toward the machine, and with firm hand—for his was a will of iron—he opened the door. From out of the luxurious interior he lifted the inert body of his beautiful daughter and pressed her to his bosom—a bosom that was racked and torn with partly stifled sobs.

Gently—gently as when she had been an infant some twenty years ago—he carried her into the house and tenderly—oh, so tenderly—placed her on a divan.

David Powers sank on one knee beside the cot, and then slowly his body seemed to shrivel and sag, much like a half-filled bag of meal, as with a complete surrender to grief he threw himself prone upon the floor and uttered the single word, "Dead."

Travis stood silently beside the stricken father, unable to think or move. The young woman who lay there a victim to the wickedness that the tyranny of her father had stirred in the breasts of his workmen, had been his fiancée, and his sorrow was but little less than that of the agonized parent.

I. David Powers was known as the man who never smiled during business hours. He was known as the man whose employees all feared him. He was known, too, as one of the most successful lumbermen in the business on the Pacific coast and all who knew him envied him. Stern, domineering, and with a genius for organization, he could get more work out of less men for smaller wages than any man in the state of California—that is, more than any man except one. And the man who excelled him as a driver of men, the man who could extract one more ounce of labor for one tithe less of wages was Jake Snyder, the chief foreman, pug-nacious, hard as nails, flint-hearted and entirely without sentiment.

Jake made an ideal driver for so exacting a boss as Powers. Watch him now on this morning several weeks before the shooting of Laura Powers. Watch him as he talks among the men there on the dock and on the boat. Note the feverish anxiety with which the men bend to their tasks when he glowers in their direction.

Powers had just driven up to his office in his high-powered six and had sent to Jake.

The millionaire was looking over the market column of the morning paper when his foreman entered and he never lifted his eyes from the absorbing sheet until the field commander had drawn his chair up close to his employer's desk.

There was no word of greeting between the men.

Pointing a pudgy finger first at the newspaper and then at the nose of his foreman, the millionaire spoke tersely and harshly:

"Lumber's high in the East, Jake. Drive your men to the limit and get that shipment east while prices hold up."

There was a grim cruelty in Jake's eyes and just a tinge of a smile on his firm, thin lips as he answered:

"They're pretty near the limit now, but I guess we can speed 'em up a bit."

The ugly smile was still on Jake's face when he left the private office and on the steps of the building he paused for a moment, spat on his hands and squared his shoulders, as if enjoying the prospect of trouble that he scented.

And, like most of those who look for trouble, Snyder found it. He had hardly left the docks to answer Powers' summons when Karl Hurd, delicate of face and hardly strong enough for the work he had been forced to accept, staggered back, dropped the piece of lumber he was handling and almost sank to the ground from sheer weariness. Too much work and not enough food was slowly killing him, and only the thought of his wife and daughter gave him strength enough to keep up.

Several of his fellow laborers came towards him and offered to help him. They talked with discontent over conditions that forced them to submit to the treatment that Jake and Powers meted out.

At a low warning shout from one of their number, all jumped to their places and were busy at work when Jake came around the corner of the nearest lumber pile—that is, all but Hurd.

"Here you, get to work and cut out that soldiering," yelled Snyder as he bounded across the low pile in Hurd's direction.

"Get to work now, not next week," he added as Hurd was slow in responding, emphasizing the words with a vicious kick.

Sudden, swift passion seized Hurd, and careless of all consequences—thoughtless as to what the future might hold for him—he lunged fiercely at his foreman, and struck him squarely between the eyes. His was the strength of desperation and the blow sent Jake reeling against the lumber pile.

The startled shout—half of amazement and half of approval—which greeted Hurd's action, as much as the sudden impact of doubled fist against human flesh, brought him quickly to his senses, and he stood for a moment staring at his dazed persecutor as the realization of what he had done was slowly impressing itself upon him.

And then fear seized him, and turning on his heel he fled—fled as if a thousand demons were after him—fled blindly up one lumber yard alley and down the other with the enraged Snyder, who had quickly recovered, dashing madly after him.

"Stop or I fire," yelled Jake, and then his revolver spoke—not once but three times in rapid succession, the vicious fire and the snipping bullets adding to the pandemonium that reigned in the lumber yard.

Stumbling, plunging, falling and rising again, he raced across the

rough, uneven ground, and reached the railroad tracks just as the interurban trolley bound for San Pedro whirled into view. With his last remaining ounce of strength, he made a desperate spurt and flung himself headlong on to the front platform of the rushing trolley. That he escaped death beneath the wheels was a miracle.

For just an instant Hurd lay prone upon the platform and then slowly drew himself up to a standing position. He was too relieved at his escape from immediate danger to give much thought to the fact that his job was probably gone—that he was out of employment. That a realization of his full plight would have come to him soon is possible, had not a sudden commotion in the interior of the car attracted his attention. Glancing through the glass door, he noticed Jake, the smoking revolver still in his hand, advancing along the center aisle of the car. His face was working angrily and every line of his ugly countenance cried out for revenge. He had been close upon Hurd's heels in the mad race and a duplicate of the wild lunge that landed Hurd on the front platform had catapulted him on to the back one.

The Powers lumber yard lay in low ground just east of the trolley right of way, and at the instant that Hurd, glancing into the interior of the car, saw his pursuer advancing upon him, the car was swiftly moving onto a

once driven out of a shop by an incensed German grocer whom I had asked to settle an account of long standing. Yet the days passed, the daily grind absorbed my energies, and when I was not collecting or tediously going over the stock in the dim recesses of the store, I was running errands in the wholesale district, treading the burning brick of the pavements, dodging heavy trucks and drays and perspiring clerks who flew about with memorandum pads in their hands, or awaiting the pleasure of

bank tellers. Save Harvey, the venerable porter, I was the last to leave the store in the evening, and I always came away with the taste of Breck & Co.'s mail on my palate, it being my final duty to "lick" the whole of it and deposit it in the box at the corner. The gun on the envelopes tasted of wintergreen.—From Winston Churchill's "A Far Country."

Even the worm will turn, they say, and hungry, underpaid stevedores are less patient than the earth-grubbing insect. There were murmurs at Snyder's orders and open rebellion at his language. Just how it started nobody seemed to know; just who began it didn't matter. Suffice to say that leaderless as the men were, impelled by a common instinct, they had suddenly rushed the rough-tongued foreman and had thrown him off the dock into the water. Then had come the march to the office, the demand for better pay, the clanging of the gate,

the call for the police—and the strike. Of all this not a word had reached Laura. Of all this not a whisper, not a suggestion had found its way behind the beautiful vine-covered stone wall that surrounded the Powers estate. Not a syllable had been permitted to disturb the peace and serenity of the millionaire's palatial residence, and probably never would have, if the men at an open air meeting on the afternoon of Laura's party, had not appointed Tim Shand the head of a committee to place their grievances before the millionaire.

"We can never get to him at his office. We will see him at his home," Tim had shouted.

At last Tim, and the angry Powers came face to face.

For a moment the two men glared at each other. And then Shand, with the self-command and eloquence that had made him a leader among the workmen, quickly made his plea for justice.

"We come to you, Mr. Powers, because we realize that you do not know what the men have suffered. We know that if you had realized the awful tyranny of your underling, conditions would have been improved long ago. We ask you to take the men back under proper working

conditions. And (this firmly), we ask the removal of Snyder. Not for ourselves alone, but for our wives and children we appear. They are starving."

"Let them starve," was Powers' answer.

Laura was a surprised and startled witness to this stirring scene. She had never realized before that there was such a thing as starvation.

A great compassion was born within her. Her features showed the dawn of a wondrous pity. Putting her arms about her father's neck she asked him to tell her all about the strikers and their hungry families. Laughingly he put her from him.

"Those problems are not for little girls like you," he told her. "Go and join your guests. They will miss you."

Laura was a surprised and startled witness to this stirring scene. She had never realized before that there was such a thing as starvation.

A great compassion was born within her. Her features showed the dawn of a wondrous pity. Putting her arms about her father's neck she asked him to tell her all about the strikers and their hungry families. Laughingly he put her from him.

"Those problems are not for little girls like you," he told her. "Go and join your guests. They will miss you."

Laura was a surprised and startled witness to this stirring scene. She had never realized before that there was such a thing as starvation.

A great compassion was born within her. Her features showed the dawn of a wondrous pity. Putting her arms about her father's neck she asked him to tell her all about the strikers and their hungry families. Laughingly he put her from him.

"Those problems are not for little girls like you," he told her. "Go and join your guests. They will miss you."

Laura was a surprised and startled witness to this stirring scene. She had never realized before that there was such a thing as starvation.

A great compassion was born within her. Her features showed the dawn of a wondrous pity. Putting her arms about her father's neck she asked him to tell her all about the strikers and their hungry families. Laughingly he put her from him.

"Those problems are not for little girls like you," he told her. "Go and join your guests. They will miss you."

Laura was a surprised and startled witness to this stirring scene. She had never realized before that there was such a thing as starvation.

A great compassion was born within her. Her features showed the dawn of a wondrous pity. Putting her arms about her father's neck she asked him to tell her all about the strikers and their hungry families. Laughingly he put her from him.

"Those problems are not for little girls like you," he told her. "Go and join your guests. They will miss you."

Laura was a surprised and startled witness to this stirring scene. She had never realized before that there was such a thing as starvation.

A great compassion was born within her. Her features showed the dawn of a wondrous pity. Putting her arms about her father's neck she asked him to tell her all about the strikers and their hungry families. Laughingly he put her from him.

"Those problems are not for little girls like you," he told her. "Go and join your guests. They will miss you."

Laura was a surprised and startled witness to this stirring scene. She had never realized before that there was such a thing as starvation.

A great compassion was born within her. Her features showed the dawn of a wondrous pity. Putting her arms about her father's neck she asked him to tell her all about the strikers and their hungry families. Laughingly he put her from him.

"Those problems are not for little girls like you," he told her. "Go and join your guests. They will miss you."

Laura was a surprised and startled witness to this stirring scene. She had never realized before that there was such a thing as starvation.

A great compassion was born within her. Her features showed the dawn of a wondrous pity. Putting her arms about her father's neck she asked him to tell her all about the strikers and their hungry families. Laughingly he put her from him.

"Those problems are not for little girls like you," he told her. "Go and join your guests. They will miss you."

Laura was a surprised and startled witness to this stirring scene. She had never realized before that there was such a thing as starvation.

A great compassion was born within her. Her features showed the dawn of a wondrous pity. Putting her arms about her father's neck she asked him to tell her all about the strikers and their hungry families. Laughingly he put her from him.

"Those problems are not for little girls like you," he told her. "Go and join your guests. They will miss you."

Laura was a surprised and startled witness to this stirring scene. She had never realized before that there was such a thing as starvation.

A great compassion was born within her. Her features showed the dawn of a wondrous pity. Putting her arms about her father's neck she asked him to tell her all about the strikers and their hungry families. Laughingly he put her from him.

"Those problems are not for little girls like you," he told her. "Go and join your guests. They will miss you."

Laura was a surprised and startled witness to this stirring scene. She had never realized before that there was such a thing as starvation.

A great compassion was born within her. Her features showed the dawn of a wondrous pity. Putting her arms about her father's neck she asked him to tell her all about the strikers and their hungry families. Laughingly he put her from him.

"Those problems are not for little girls like you," he told her. "Go and join your guests. They will miss you."

Laura was a surprised and startled witness to this stirring scene. She had never realized before that there was such a thing as starvation.

A great compassion was born within her. Her features showed the dawn of a wondrous pity. Putting her arms about her father's neck she asked him to tell her all about the strikers and their hungry families. Laughingly he put her from him.

"Those problems are not for little girls like you," he told her. "Go and join your guests. They will miss you."

Laura was a surprised and startled witness to this stirring scene. She had never realized before that there was such a thing as starvation.

A great compassion was born within her. Her features showed the dawn of a wondrous pity. Putting her arms about her father's neck she asked him to tell her all about the strikers and their hungry families. Laughingly he put her from him.

"Those problems are not for little girls like you," he told her. "Go and join your guests. They will miss you."

Laura was a surprised and startled witness to this stirring scene. She had never realized before that there was such a thing as starvation.

A great compassion was born within her. Her features showed the dawn of a wondrous pity. Putting her arms about her father's neck she asked him to tell her all about the strikers and their hungry families. Laughingly he put her from him.

"Those problems are not for little girls like you," he told her. "Go and join your guests. They will miss you."

Laura was a surprised and startled witness to this stirring scene. She had never realized before that there was such a thing as starvation.

A great compassion was born within her. Her features showed the dawn of a wondrous pity. Putting her arms about her father's neck she asked him to tell her all about the strikers and their hungry families. Laughingly he put her from him.

"Those problems are not for little girls like you," he told her. "Go and join your guests. They will miss you."

Laura was a surprised and startled witness to this stirring scene. She had never realized before that there was such a thing as starvation.

A great compassion was born within her. Her features showed the dawn of a wondrous pity. Putting her arms about her father's neck she asked him to tell her all about the strikers and their hungry families. Laughingly he put her from him.

"Those problems are not for little girls like you," he told her. "Go and join your guests. They will miss you."

Laura was a surprised and startled witness to this stirring scene. She had never realized before that there was such a thing as starvation.

A great compassion was born within her. Her features showed the dawn of a wondrous pity. Putting her arms about her father's neck she asked him to tell her all about the strikers and their hungry families. Laughingly he put her from him.

"Those problems are not for little girls like you," he told her. "Go and join your guests. They will miss you."

Laura was a surprised and startled witness to this stirring scene. She had never realized before that there was such a thing as starvation.

A great compassion was born within her. Her features showed the dawn of a wondrous pity. Putting her arms about her father's neck she asked him to tell her all about the strikers and their hungry families. Laughingly he put her from him.

"Those problems are not for little girls like you," he told her. "Go and join your guests. They will miss you."

Laura was a surprised and startled witness to this stirring scene. She had never realized before that there was such a thing as starvation.

A great compassion was born within her. Her features showed the dawn of a wondrous pity. Putting her arms about her father's neck she asked him to tell her all about the strikers and their hungry families. Laughingly he put her from him.

"Those problems are not for little girls like you," he told her. "Go and join your guests. They will miss you."

Laura was a surprised and startled witness to this stirring scene. She had never realized before that there was such a thing as starvation.

A great compassion was born within her. Her features showed the dawn of a wondrous pity. Putting her arms about her father's neck she asked him to tell her all about the strikers and their hungry families. Laughingly he put her from him.

"Those problems are not for little girls like you," he told her. "Go and join your guests. They will miss you."

Laura was a surprised and startled witness to this stirring scene. She had never realized before that there was such a thing as starvation.

A great compassion was born within her. Her features showed the dawn of a wondrous pity. Putting her arms about her father's neck she asked him to tell her all about the strikers and their hungry families. Laughingly he put her from him.

"Those problems are not for little girls like you," he told her. "Go and join your guests. They will miss you."

Laura was a surprised and startled witness to this stirring scene. She had never realized before that there was such a thing as starvation.

A great compassion was born within her. Her features showed the dawn of a wondrous pity. Putting her arms about her father's neck she asked him to tell her all about the strikers and their hungry families. Laughingly he put her from him.

"Those problems are not for little girls like you," he told her. "Go and join your guests. They will miss you."

Laura was a surprised and startled witness to this stirring scene. She had never realized before that there was such a thing as starvation.

A great compassion was born within her. Her features showed the dawn of a wondrous pity. Putting her arms about her father's neck she asked him to tell her all about the strikers and their hungry families. Laughingly he put her from him.

"Those problems are not for little girls like you," he told her. "Go and join your guests. They will miss you."

Laura was a surprised and startled witness to this stirring scene. She had never realized before that there was such a thing as starvation.

A great compassion was born within her. Her features showed the dawn of a wondrous pity. Putting her arms about her father's neck she asked him to tell her all about the strikers and their hungry families. Laughingly he put her from him.

"Those problems are not for little girls like you," he told her. "Go and join your guests. They will miss you."

Laura was a surprised and startled witness to this stirring scene. She had never realized before that there was such a thing as starvation.

A great compassion was born within her. Her features showed the dawn of a wondrous pity. Putting her arms about her father's neck she asked him to tell her all about the strikers and their hungry families. Laughingly he put her from him.

"Those problems are not for little girls like you," he told her. "Go and join your guests. They will miss you."

Laura was a surprised and startled witness to this stirring scene. She had never realized before that there was such a thing as starvation.

A great compassion was born within her. Her features showed the dawn of a wondrous pity. Putting her arms about her father's neck she asked him to tell her all about the strikers and their hungry families. Laughingly he put her from him.

"Those problems are not for little girls like you," he told her. "Go and join your guests. They will miss you."

Laura was a surprised and startled witness to this stirring scene. She had never realized before that there was such a thing as starvation.

A great compassion was born within her. Her features showed the dawn of a wondrous pity. Putting her arms about her father's neck she asked him to tell her all about the strikers and their hungry families. Laughingly he put her from him.

"Those problems are not for little girls like you," he told her. "Go and join your guests. They will miss you."

Laura was a surprised and startled witness to this stirring scene. She had never realized before that there was such a thing as starvation.

A great compassion was born within her. Her features showed the dawn of a wondrous pity. Putting her arms about her father's neck she asked him to tell her all about the strikers and their hungry families. Laughingly he put her from him.

"Those problems are not for little girls like you," he told her. "Go and join your guests. They will miss you."

Laura was a surprised and startled witness to this stirring scene. She had never realized before that there was such a thing as starvation.

A great compassion was born within her. Her features showed the dawn of a wondrous pity. Putting her arms about her father's neck she asked him to tell her all about the strikers and their hungry families. Laughingly he put her from him.

"Those problems are not for little girls like you," he told her. "Go and join your guests. They will miss you."

Laura was a surprised and startled witness to this stirring scene. She had never realized before that there was such a thing as starvation.

A great compassion was born within her. Her features showed the dawn of a wondrous pity. Putting her arms about her father's neck she asked him to tell her all about the strikers and their hungry families. Laughingly he put her from him.

"Those problems are not for little girls like you," he told her. "Go and join your guests. They will miss you."

Laura was a surprised and startled witness to this stirring scene. She had never realized before that there was such a thing as starvation.

A great compassion was born within her. Her features showed the dawn of a wondrous pity. Putting her arms about her father's neck she asked him to tell her all about the strikers and their hungry families. Laughingly he put her from him.

"Those problems are not for little girls like you," he told her. "Go and join your guests. They will miss you."

Laura was a surprised and startled witness to this stirring scene. She had never realized before that there was such a thing as starvation.

A great compassion was born within her. Her features showed the dawn of a wondrous pity. Putting her arms about her father's neck she asked him to tell her all about the strikers and their hungry families. Laughingly he put her from him.

"Those problems are not for little girls like you," he told her. "Go and join your guests. They will miss you."

Laura was a surprised and startled witness to this stirring scene. She had never realized before that there was such a thing as starvation.

A great compassion was born within her. Her features showed the dawn of a wondrous pity. Putting her arms about her father's neck she asked him to tell her all about the strikers and their hungry families. Laughingly he put her from him.

"Those problems are not for little girls like you," he told her. "Go and join your guests. They will miss you."

Laura was a surprised and startled witness to this stirring scene. She had never realized before that there was such a thing as starvation.

A great compassion was born within her. Her features showed the dawn of a wondrous pity. Putting her arms about her father's neck she asked him to tell her all about the strikers and their hungry families. Laughingly he put her from him.

"Those problems are not for little girls like you," he told her. "Go and join your guests. They will miss you."

Laura was a surprised and startled witness to this stirring scene. She had never realized before that there was such a thing as starvation.

A great compassion was born within her. Her features showed the dawn of a wondrous pity. Putting her arms about her father's neck she asked him to tell her all about the strikers and their hungry families. Laughingly he put her from him.

"Those problems are not for little girls like you," he told her. "Go and join your guests. They will miss you."

Laura was a surprised and startled witness to this stirring scene. She had never realized before that there was such a thing as starvation.

A great compassion was born within her. Her features showed the dawn of a wondrous pity. Putting her arms about her father's neck she asked him to tell her all about the strikers and their hungry families. Laughingly he put her from him.

"Those problems are not for little girls like you," he told her. "Go and join your guests. They will miss you."

Laura was a surprised and startled witness to this stirring scene. She had never realized before that there was such a thing as starvation.

A great compassion was born within her. Her features showed the dawn of a wondrous pity. Putting her arms about her father's neck she asked him to tell her all about the strikers and their hungry families. Laughingly he put her from him.

"Those problems are not for little girls like you," he told her. "Go and join your guests. They will miss you."

Laura was a surprised and startled witness to this stirring scene. She had never realized before that there was such a thing as starvation.

A great compassion was born within her. Her features showed the dawn of a wondrous pity. Putting her arms about her father's neck she asked him to tell her all about the strikers and their hungry families. Laughingly he put her from him.

"Those problems are not for little girls like you," he told her. "Go and join your guests. They will miss you."

Laura was a surprised and startled witness to this stirring scene. She had never realized before that there was such a thing as starvation.

A great compassion was born within her. Her features showed the dawn of a wondrous pity. Putting her arms about her father's neck she asked him to tell her all about the strikers and their hungry families. Laughingly he put her from him.

"Those problems are not for little girls like you," he told her. "Go and join your guests. They will miss you."

Laura was a surprised and startled witness to this stirring scene. She had never realized before that there was such a thing as starvation.

A great compassion was born within her. Her features showed the dawn of a wondrous pity. Putting her arms about her father's neck she asked him to tell her all about the strikers and their hungry families. Laughingly he put her from him.

"Those problems are not